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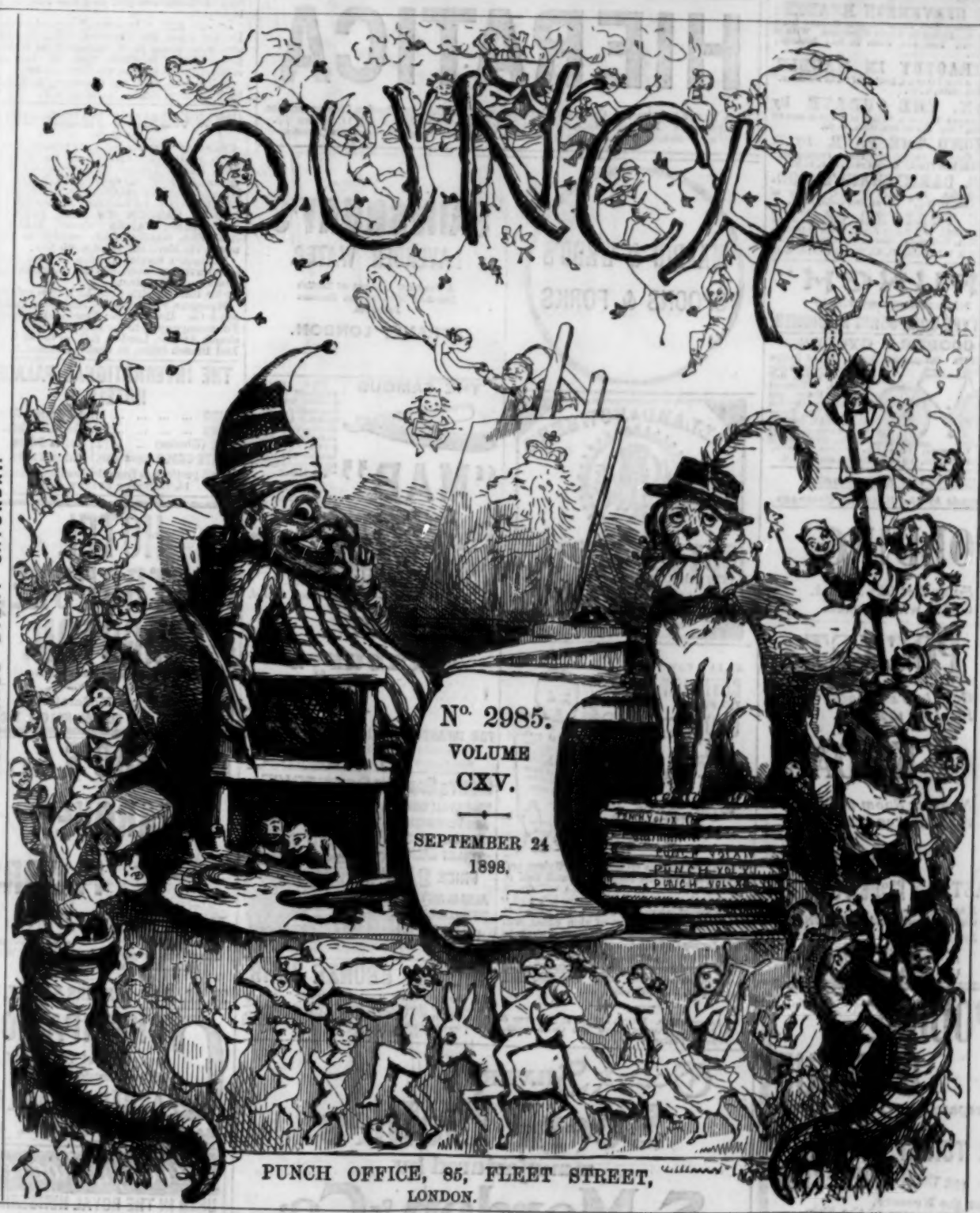

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THE BAKER'S SHOP OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

["It is the Chemist who must come to the rescue of the threatened communities. It is through the laboratory that starvation may ultimately be turned into plenty."—*Speech at the British Association's Meeting.*]

THE NEXT TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

(*By our own Prophet.*)

THE year 1950 witnessed the triumph, in England, of Teetotalism, Local Option, and Bands of Hope. Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Lady HENRY SOMERSET had done their work. The liquor traffic was extinct. Everybody drank tea and mineral waters.

The public-houses which had sprung up all over the length and breadth of England had to put up their shutters, and, except in the large towns, such a thing as an inn was unknown. With the disappearance of beer-drinking, it no longer payed any one to be a "Licensed Victualler." This was somewhat inconvenient for travellers, who sometimes had to travel twenty miles before they could obtain refreshment. The difficulty, however, was gradually met by the growth of tea-shops, which before long began to be found in every village. Meantime, of course, all the breweries were ruined, though, curiously enough, the brewers seemed none the worse. The explanation of this was that, foreseeing the turn of events, those gentlemen had, one and all, turned their concerns into limited liability companies, and now lived luxurious lives on the proceeds. The investing public—as usual—lost their money, and there was acute distress in many a humble home.

One of the first persons to feel the inconveniences of the disappearance of the taste for alcohol was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That functionary found himself face to face with a vanishing revenue, while expenditure showed no tendency to decrease. At last a brilliant Under-Secretary suggested, as a last resort, an excise on the sale of tea for consumption on the premises. Under his scheme, all tea-shops were to be licensed, and the beverage itself, together with coffee, cocoa, and all mineral waters, &c., should contribute handsomely to the exchequer. "For," said this brilliant young man, who afterwards rose to be Prime Minister, "People must drink *something*." With some opposition on the part of the Old Temperance Party, the Budget was carried, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer breathed again.

A generation passed, and A. B. C. shops, duly licensed to sell tea and soda-water, covered the land. Licenses were freely granted, and the revenue expanded. Meantime, a progressive deterioration in the physical condition of the working classes began to be apparent. They grew enfeebled and anæmic, and doctors used to shake their heads and talk about "Neurasthenia." Murmurs began to be heard about the unhealthy habit of tea-drinking, and the scandal of tea-drunkenness. Institutions were started for the treatment of tea-ism, and a gold cure was spoken of. Societies even were founded by philanthropic ladies and gentlemen, which carried on an active propaganda for the suppression of the sale of tea and mineral waters. It was shown conclusively by the medical profession that a diet of tea and bread and butter was even less wholesome than the old-fashioned bread and cheese and beer for the working man, while the habit of taking "nips" of soda-water at all hours of the day, and drinking it to excess on Saturday nights, was proved to be highly deleterious. More than one case of suicide was traced to this cause, and the prevalence of depression and melancholia was attributed to the "lowering" character of lemon squash.

Then began a new temperance movement, which its detractors styled beer-totalism. This crusade was instituted to combat the growing habit of intemperance in the use of non-alcoholic beverages, and to urge the moderate use of what had once, in happier times, been the national drink—beer. The movement was of course assailed with ridicule, but it grew, nevertheless. Meetings were held in all the towns of England, Bands of Hope were started, and in time the more extreme party aspired to suppress the sale of non-alcoholic liquids altogether. Total abstinence from tea was preached, and thousands signed the pledge.

"The trade"—the tea-trade—grew alarmed. Their interests were threatened. They decided to resist the reformers by every means in their power. Parliament was petitioned, and after a Royal commission had sat, and the ill effects of tea-ism had been proved, it was decided to encourage the sale of beer by every means, and to remove the excessive duties which had hitherto strangled it.

This was the state of things when our prophet last looked into the future.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *A Crowned Queen* (BLACKWOOD), Mr. SYDNEY GRIER suffers from inevitable comparison. His book should have come out before *Rupert of Hentzau* flashed upon the scene. The idea and general treatment of the two books are singularly similar. The resemblance is carried to the extent that, like *Rupert of Hentzau*, *A Crowned Queen* is a sequel to an earlier writ story. In both romances an errant Englishman comes to the throne of a Continental Kingdom. In both, at the end of the first book, he retires from his high estate, returning to his English home. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, in his sequel, brings his hero in person back to the scene of his earlier triumphs. Mr. GRIER uses up a younger brother, who apparently (for my Baronite has not read *An Uncrowned King*) filled a subordinate part in the First Act. Mr. GRIER'S novel is cleverly constructed, and he moves with assurance in the company of emperors, kings, queens, and great diplomatists. A misfortune about the story is that he has chosen for his hero a heartless, selfish cad. More fatal still is his tiresome style of narration. *Count Mortimer*, the cad aforesaid, is conducting the strategic flight of the Crowned Queen. The carriage breaks down, and this follows:

"I suppose it is out of the question to hope to find a wheelwright anywhere about?" said CYRIL, "but we ought to be able to get hold of a blacksmith or carpenter who could patch this up sufficiently for us to reach the town. Ask the driver whether there is any village about here, CARLO."

Paschicks interrogated the driver and returned to *Cyril*.

"He says that there is no village nearer than the town, Sir. But there is a large farmhouse about half-a-mile away across the fields. We could reach it by a cart track which turns off from the road about a dozen yards farther on, and they would be able to give us accommodation for the night, besides helping to mend the carriage."

This recalls the style of conversation in OLLENDORF. "Have you the umbrella that my brother has?" "No, but I have the black ribbon (*ruban noir*) that your mother used to have."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OUR SMOKY RIVER!

Shade of Samuel Pepys (with a sigh of sweet reminiscence). "I WAS ALWAYS GOING DOWN TO MY OFFICE BY RIVER IN *MY* DAY. 'JUST LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE' OF THE THAMES IN 1661!" *Mr. Punch (indignantly).* "'AND ON THIS'! IN 1898!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

III.

Wednesday (*contd.*).—"Well, Uncle, if you hadn't told me to bring him in on a string, he wouldn't have upset the old gal," says MAX. Object to expression "old gal." Mention this to MAX, who puts his hands in his trouser-pockets, and murmurs something about "blooming rot." So rude! Induce boys to sit on balcony whilst I finish cigar. They eat pocketed grapes, and throw skins at passers-by, despite my remonstrances. Try to look as if I did not see what they were doing. Sit in momentary expectation of visit from outraged foot-passenger. At last summon up courage to absolutely forbid this sport. "Well, then, what *are* we to do?" says TOMMY, despairingly. Feel remorseful now, and as if I had done them some injury, so suggest cards. "Rot!" from MAX, and "No fear!" from TOMMY. What *do* people do to amuse boys, I wonder?

In sheer desperation, suggest taking them to Music Hall, only place of entertainment here. Howls of ecstatic joy at the idea. So glad to have hit on something at last. Secure three front seats, though as MAX and TOMMY sit upon one between them, might have saved money by taking only two. Gentleman in impossible check suit and yachting cap—why yachting cap?—calling himself "Jolly JOE," on stage. Sings song, and imitates person in state of inebriation. Very elevating, this! Is succeeded by lady of uncertain age, dressed as school-girl, and carrying skipping-rope. She lyrically informs us, in raucous tones, that she is "a little lidy, a pretty little lidy!" and then proceeds to other parts of decidedly *risqué* song. Getting uneasy, and wish we had not come. Next "turn" high trapeze. Boys enchanted; rather nervous myself. TOMMY says, with bated breath, "Oh! Uncle CHARLEY, *do* you think he'll come a buster?" Reply, "Oh! no, my boy, I hope not. No doubt the man is a very practised acrobat." TOMMY sighs and looks rather disappointed, whilst MAX, with ingenuous brutality of boyhood, observes that he is "blowed" if he wouldn't like to see him come down a "jolly good wallop" into the netting. Dislike expression "jolly good wallop," but seems no use saying anything. Performing dogs. Intelligent pig. Then, at re-appearance of "Jolly JOE" (in shiny dress suit and a lot of shirt-front), fled, dragging boys with me.

On return to hotel, both say they are "peckish." Am worried into eating some lobster-salad with them, and finally retire to bed with certainty of dyspeptic attack on the morrow.

Thursday.—See nothing of the two boys until breakfast in *table d'hôte* room. Glad of this: feeling somewhat upset. Fancy that mixture of boys and overnight lobster-salad bad for nerves. Begin breakfast 8.30 precisely. About 9 o'clock, nephews burst into room like whirlwind. MAX's hair full of sand. TOMMY's trouser-legs dripping with sea-water. Head waiter looks (despairingly) first at them, then (reproachfully) at me. Why at me? "We've had a ripping time, Uncle CHARLEY; caught some crabs, and TOMMY fell in, and I got a sand-eel, and oh! it *was* jolly. And I got a lot of sea-weed; it's awfully fine, but a bit smelly." Silence them at this point, as every one stops eating to glare in our direction.

SORRY SHE SPOKE.

Young Robinson (*who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced*). "I THINK I 'VE MET YOUR UNCLE, MR. ERNEST BROWN, AT DOG SHOWS!"

Miss Brown. "OH YES, UNCLE *will* GO TO THOSE DOG SHOWS, AND MEETS THE MOST APPALLING PEOPLE!"

Boys sit down and eat enormous breakfast. Then MAX throws himself back in his chair, and says loudly to TOMMY, "Look here, STINKER" (this being MAX's elegant nickname for his brother), "you've had three eggs already, so drop that one, and shut up." So embarrassing. Then turning to me, he says, "I say, uncle, don't they give you a jolly fine blow-out here! Awfully glad there ain't any extra charge for anything, ain't you?" Dislike expression "blow-out," especially when spoken loudly, and in presence of feminine Divinity sitting four seats lower down table.

Hurry them out. They rush away to sands, I promising to join them after quiet smoke and study of to-day's *Times*. Have hardly settled down in sitting-room when chambermaid, flushed and in semi-hysterical condition, enters and begs me to come at once to boys' room. I go, and find *Nipper* tied by pocket-handkerchief to leg of bed, engaged in mortal combat with three green crabs. Large sand-eel swimming round and round bath, which is tastefully festooned with rank-smelling sea-weed. Chambermaid positively refuses to "do" room at all. "Would sooner leave situation immediately, and have been here since hotel first opened, so there!" This last expression seems conclusive, though, to my mind, a trifle vague. She bursts into tears. Half-a-crown brings some consolation to her wounded pride. She consents to scoop sand-eel out of bath, and re-arrange the room as a bedroom and *not* as an aquarium.

Take refuge in my room, and lie down for an hour to recover.

SUITABLE SONG FOR BOATING MEN.—The last *rows* of Summer.

NOT AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

Mr. A. "SO THAT'S THE GIRL HE'S ENGAGED TO! I THOUGHT THESE BLONDE MEN ALWAYS CHOSE BRUNETTES!"
Miss B. "AH, SHE WAS ORIGINALLY A BRUNETTE!"

TO MIDDELKERKE.

THE smooth paving on the promenade along the *digue* at Ostend is excellent. It could not be better. When the temperature in the sun last month was two hundred degrees, or more, this paving was not affected, unlike the horrid asphalte, used in similar English towns, which is half melted on a mild day in December. And bicyclists are allowed to ride on the *digue*, westward to Middelkerke. So we ride there.

Somehow, I am rather disappointed with Middelkerke. One cannot judge of the effect of it as a whole. The greater part of it is being built, and a good deal of the remainder seems to have been pulled down. The roads will no doubt be excellent in time, but at present they do not exist at all. There used to be one along the sea-front, but this was washed away by a storm. The Middelkerkers thereupon resolved to build a new sea-wall, about three-quarters of a mile in length. Although five or six men work at this for several hours a day, it does not advance very rapidly. Meanwhile, the promenade consists of mounds, trenches, heaps, holes, and excavations. The other thoroughfares, if they existed, would be in much the same condition in consequence of the building operations. Bexhill, in Sussex, or any other new little town, would look much the same after an earthquake.

The best amusement at Ostend is bathing. Most of the bathers are English or Germans; the men in charge of the machines are Flemings, who speak more or less French. Polyglot disputes are frequent. One very hot morning, when there is a larger crowd than ever, VANDERBLANK and I wade into the water, as usual, in search of a machine. At last, after wading about for some time in vain, we perceive a double *cabine*, on the steps of which there are no towels to indicate that it is engaged, after the present occupants have left it. So VANDERBLANK hastens up, and seats himself on the steps in indisputable possession. To him arrive three English girls, well-dressed, but noisy and vulgar, like many of the English visitors. "Hi!" says one, angrily, "that's our machine." Evidently they speak no French. I leave them to settle the difficulty with VANDERBLANK, who speaks no English.

"*Je ne comprends pas, Mademoiselle,*" he answers, politely. "You come off!" they all cry, more angrily. "*Je n'en sais rien,*" says he. "*Notre* machine, comprenny?" they explain. "*Comment,*" says he, "*cette cabine est à vous? Mais il n'y avait rien sur le marchepied.*" "Dunno what you're jawing about," they say, "it's our machine. *Notre*, comprenny?" "*Pas du tout,*" says he. "We've been waitin' here an hour," they cry. Which is, to say the least, improbable. VANDERBLANK sits unmoved and silent. "The people inside say it's ours," they scream. Which is, to say the least, an invention. VANDERBLANK answers not a word. Then the young women lose their tempers altogether, and scream in turn, "Yah! You take advantage of us 'cos we can't speak French. You call yourself a gentleman? You're a low cad." And so on. While VANDERBLANK merely says, calmly, at intervals, "*Vous pouvez dire tout ce que vous voulez, je n'en comprends pas un mot.*" At last, finding that abuse moves him no more than it would move the lighthouse, the young women walk away through the water and leave him in peace.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

A Little Stepmother.

Uncle. Hullo! Dot, got a new doll?

Little Miss Dot. Hush, Uncle, don't speak too loud. She is not one of my own, but belonged to MILLIE SIMPSON, who was cruel to her and 'bandoned her, so I have 'dopted her, but I don't want her to know because I mean to make no difference between her and my own dollies.

Sufficient Excuse.

Jones (to BROWN). I say, old fellow, I saw you last night, after that dinner. Your legs were uncommonly unsteady.

Brown. No, dear boy; legs were right enough. It was my trousers that were so "tight."

DARBY JONES ON YARMOUTH AND BLOATERS.

HONOURED SIR,—Groaning beneath a Sun, which I should say would easily ripen Bananas, Prickly Pears, Lum Quats, Pine-apples, Mangoes, or other Exotic Fruits, in the space of a couple of hours, I sit down to address you from a chair upholstered perhaps with the Mane and Tail of a swarthy Derby Winner, but a seat which I imagine must have been used as an Instrument of Torture in those Ages, when Dentists could not gain a Livelihood by reason of the Bold Barons who scoured the country extracting the Molars of those Financiers who declined to contribute to their Financial Wants. I mentioned this Historic Fact to Captain KRITERION, with whom I share the Cottage Ornay by the Sad and Sultry Waves of the Ocean, and he bitterly regretted that these Happy Times were now No More.

"Imagine, DARBY" (I permit the Familiarity not usually granted to others of his Kidney), "you and I mounted on a couple of Thoroughbreds, going out into the Fair Land of Norfolk, discovering where the Choicest Usurer resided, and holding our forechips to his mouth, exclaiming, 'Your money or your Teeth!' A splendid idea, thoroughly appreciated by the late lamented Sir WALTER SCOTT, Baronet!"

"A truce, KRITTY," I cried, "to your Pursyflage (spelling dubious). Now that we are in this town, so celebrated for the Piscine Riches of the Sea, I vote we put on our hats and collect some of the Far-famed Bloaters of Commerce, and despatch them to our Patrons and Friends. They will not be ungrateful!"

The Motion was no sooner put before the House than it was, like the grant which will be made to that Gallant Warrior Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, Sirdar, &c., &c., carried *nem. con.*, or "without considering consequences." Personally, honoured Sir, I have no great affection for the Bloater. I prefer the Low-lying Sole, the Obstreperous Salmon, and the Rubicund Mullet, not to mention the Green-Eyed Lobster and the Captious Crab. But there are those of my Acquaintance, who revel in the flavour of Yarmouth Sea-game, and having a few Silver Pieces of the Realm—the outcome of toil in your service—in my pocket, I resolved to supply them with a Fish Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper at "Nix" to themselves and a Moderate Cost to me. We chanced across an exceedingly Fair-spoken Monger in this Department of Ocean Industry, who assured us that his Fish-relishes had been patronised by all the Crowned Heads of Europe, Asia and Africa, as also the Presidents of the United States, France, and the Republic of Andorre, a country of which I honestly confess I was till then Geographically ignorant. He expressed his Sincere Regard for the Turf, and was glad to know that we were Patrons of the Same, and he promised on payment (not taking anybody on the "nod") to send *per* passenger train our parcels of the Delicacies of the Deep to the named addresses. I am bound to say that he fulfilled his contract, judging by the letters and telegrams of which I have since been the Unhappy Recipient. One is from a Lady (who shall be *incognita*):—

"Have you lost all your senses as well as your money at Yarmouth? My house is being fumigated."

RESPICE FINEM.

SCENE—*A little Race Meeting, under Local Rules and Management.*

Starter. "'ERE 'S A PRETTY MESS! TWO RUNNERS—THE FAVOURITE WON'T START—AND IF I LET THE OTHER WIN, THE CROWD 'LL JUST ABOUT MURDER ME!"

A second, from a Sporting Friend, runs:

"We have plenty of foxes in our country, thank you."

A third (on a Post-Card) was cruelly worded:—

"Your beastly bloaters have killed my wife's favourite cat. Norfolk is famous for partridges. Send us a couple of brace to destroy the odour of your filthy joke."

In a fourth (a telegram) I read:—

"Railway Company only delivered parcel under protest. Why try and poison our innocent children?"

And so on, and so on.

Such, honoured Sir, is the unhappy result of trying to introduce one's Friends to Usually Prized Specialities. Of course I immediately confronted the Dealer in these Deleterious Delectations. All unabashed by my Righteous Anger, he impudently declared that the Bloater Season had not commenced. Whether he was speaking the Ever-precious Truth I know not, but he resolutely declined to make good the loss of Money and Position which I had sustained by his Callous Grasping at an Illicit Trade. There should be a time when Bloaters, like Oysters, are legally out of Season. I write thus fully, because, all unwittingly, I made You and your honoured Comrade Sir FRASER PUNNETT, victims of this gross deception. I trust that you will both charitably forgive the Unsavoury End of a Well-meant Souvenir.* I confess that I felt so Radically upset after getting the above Abusive and Undeserved Correspondence, that I was rash enough to place more Ready Money than I could well afford on *Chon Kina* for the Great Yarmouth Welter Handicap. I can only be rescued from Durance Vile and the Equine Chair aforesaid mentioned, by the *prompt* attention of your ever docile Chancellor of the Exchequer to the pressing *need* of your disconsolate but devoted Servitor,

DARBY JONES.

* We are still very ill, and Sir F. P.'s cook has given notice. DARBY JONES was not sent to Yarmouth as a fish purveyor, and we should like to know why a bill for the bloaters has been forwarded to our private address?—ED.

APPROPRIATE CHAIRS FOR BOOKMAKERS.—"Settles."

"IN SUNNY NORMANDY."

First Tourist. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, IT SMELLS PRETTY BAD ABOUT HERE; IT'S THE RIVER, I SUPPOSE?"
Second Tourist. "YES—SEINE *INFÉRIEURE*."

QUITE THE CHEESE; OR, SNAPSHOTS AT EDAM.

In the North Sea, Sept. 10, 1898.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—May I develop in printer's ink a few instantaneous and fleeting impressions cinematographed this morning on a very delightful excursion to cheese-land provided us by the Foreign Press Reception Committee? As far as I can sort them, they are, roughly, as follows:

No. 1. Kwadijk Station, North Holland. Train deposits a hundred and forty *confrères* and *consœurs*, decorated with the silver star and black-and-red ribbon (Amsterdam colours), and duly free-passed. Outside station, sixty "tent-waggons"—a wonderful sort of shandry-dan with black leather hood, something like a four-wheeled Cape-cart, waiting for us. We mount by twos and threes, and procession starts along brick-paved road for Edam, three miles off. Vanguard of the string of vehicles so far ahead that they look like a line of performing fleas, filing past geometrical dikes and avenues.

No. 2. Draw up at famous cheese-works belonging partly to Dutch Minister in England, Baron van GOLDSTEIN OLDENALLER. We contribute our mite, and inspect dairy. Should like to be one of the eighty cows here, and have nice stall fitted up with Delft ware, looking-glass, oil-cloth, and carpet of sea-shells, and be tended by dames with diamond head-dresses, and young ladies in gilt helmets. Stalls quite remind one of row of studios. When good cows die, they must surely come to Edam, with its coat-of-arms of three stars and a cow.

No. 3. Procession starts again, joined now by three carved native gigs (this does not imply cannibalism, only the florid and antique design sometimes seen in merry-go-rounds). Soon we cast out our shoe over Edam, and state entry begins. Much talk in Holland about "States General," but what are they compared with the Fourth Estate? We have been "inaugurated" in Amsterdam and "entered" into the Hague, but our really triumphal arrival is at Edam. Our JAN points out the oldest, the longest, the squarest, and the richest inhabitants respectively. We—persons ably representing various leading periodicals—find out the prettiest for ourselves (and the ugliest for each other).

No. 4. The market square, gay with Coronation bunting. Hundreds of shining cheeses piled like cannon-balls. Cheese-fanciers busy bargaining. Two resounding smacks on the hand signifies "Done." One slap, I think, means "Cheese it!" After much tapping and boring, the yellow heaps are carried off by pirates in white canvas suits, weighed and bought by the 150 kilo. Too much for one lunch, so we pass on to Cattle Show. Fine beasts, Beemster breed, four legs each, rosettes on tail, give 25 litres of milk per day or per annum (I forget which—not good at live stock).

No. 5. Lunch at Town Hall. Grand reception by hospitable Mayor, Mr. CALKOEN, in Court dress. Parade of naval cadets playing "*Wilhelmus*" in square. Sit opposite Mayor, and try to persuade him he is really Scotch—COLQUHOUN. He won't have it. Everybody clamours for his autograph, which he obligingly gives, to the great detriment of his lunch. Speeches by persons ably representing various leading periodicals, and M. JULES CLARETIE. Finish with slices of cheese eaten like cake.

No. 6. Rest of party off in *trek-schuiten* (primitive canal-boats) to Volendam and Marken. Am left lamenting on towing-path, with train to catch. Very sorry to leave Cheese-dom. Motto in future shall be *Edam ut vivam*. Yours Dutchly, Z. IJ. X.

NEW READING OF SHAKSPEARE.—"There be Land Rates and Water Rates." (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Sc. 3.)

CRICKETIANA.—When the eye of an HAWKE never fails: In deciding the County Championship.

THE SLAVE OF DUTY!

ADMIRAL JOHN BULL. "NOW THEN, OUT YOU 'LL HAVE TO GO!"
THE UNSPEAKABLE. "WHAT! LEAVE MY BEAUTIFUL CRETE IN A STATE OF DISORDER? *NEVER!*"

A CASE FOR THE VET.

"HALLO, OLD CHAP, WHAT 'S HAPPENED?"

"OH, THE BEASTLY THING FELL WITH ME COMING DOWN A HILL, AND SINCE THEN IT 'S BEEN GOING SO CONFOUNDEDLY LAME IN FRONT, I 'VE HAD TO LEAD IT!"

"LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED HERE."

To NANCY.

My ears were deaf, my eyes were blind,
My heart was lead, my luck was down,
I felt that Heaven was far from kind—
For NANCY had gone out of town.
I passed the shops unheeded by,
Yet, as I sauntered sadly West,
One window-notice caught my eye—
That "letters might be there addressed!"

* * * * *

Letters! The irony of Fate!
Though I might write without ado
To half a dozen girls I hate,
I may not send a line to you.
My days would change from dark to light,
From sighs to laughter, gloom to jest,
If but to you a "letter might
Be there"—or anywhere—"addressed"!

I'd tell you, might I only write—
It does not seem too much to say—
That London 's empty of delight
Since every one has gone away!
I'd tell you how I oft recall
My pleasant friends, both old and new,
I'd tell you how I miss them all,
If I might only write to you.

I'd tell you how reverse of gay,
How dull and dreary London seems,
And how I curse each lagging day,
And bless night only for its dreams.
I'd tell you how your voice still rings
Within my memory, clear and true,
I'd tell you—oh! a heap of things,
If I might only write to you.

If I might only write to you,
I'd tell you that I don't forget—
By Jove, I know what I will do!
(By Jove, I'll write to NANCY yet!)
My letter to the Friend of Man,
The Great Consoler, I'll address;
Perhaps he'll give it you—he can—
Perhaps—I wonder, will you guess?

Supposing that you chance to spy
This yarn of mine, and read it through,
I wonder if you'll guess 'twas *I*
Who wrote and meant it all for you.
You love forget-me-nots, I know,
I'd send you, if I dared, a bunch—
At that I'll let my letter go
To "NANCY, care of *Mr. Punch*"!

ADVERTISED APARTMENTS.

Read between the Lines.

PAYING GUESTS received. Electric light, an extra; excellent table, of its kind; poor food; smoke-rooms (all the chimneys smoke); bath (h. and c.), meaning hired and cracked. Terms mod., compared to first-class hotel. Close to underground and 'buses. Trains shake the whole house, and receive the boarder's abuses.—Address X. Y. Z.

A FEW (as many as possible) gentlemen and ladies received in a lady's (ex-cook and butler's) private house at Kennington. Not a boarding house. Immoderate (inclusive of all kinds of unheard-of extras) terms. Piano (five-finger exercise all day). Cycle accommodation (in front yard). (Small and) early dinner.—Address, Madame G., Cheddar Road.

WEATHERWISE.

[A representative of the *Daily Telegraph* inquired of Mr. BRODIE, at the Meteorological Office, how long the heat-spell was likely to last. "It is impossible to say," was the reply.—*Vide interview, September* 10.]

WEATHER prophet, tell me, pray,
Please do not decline,
Is it going to rain to-day,
Or will it be fine?
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

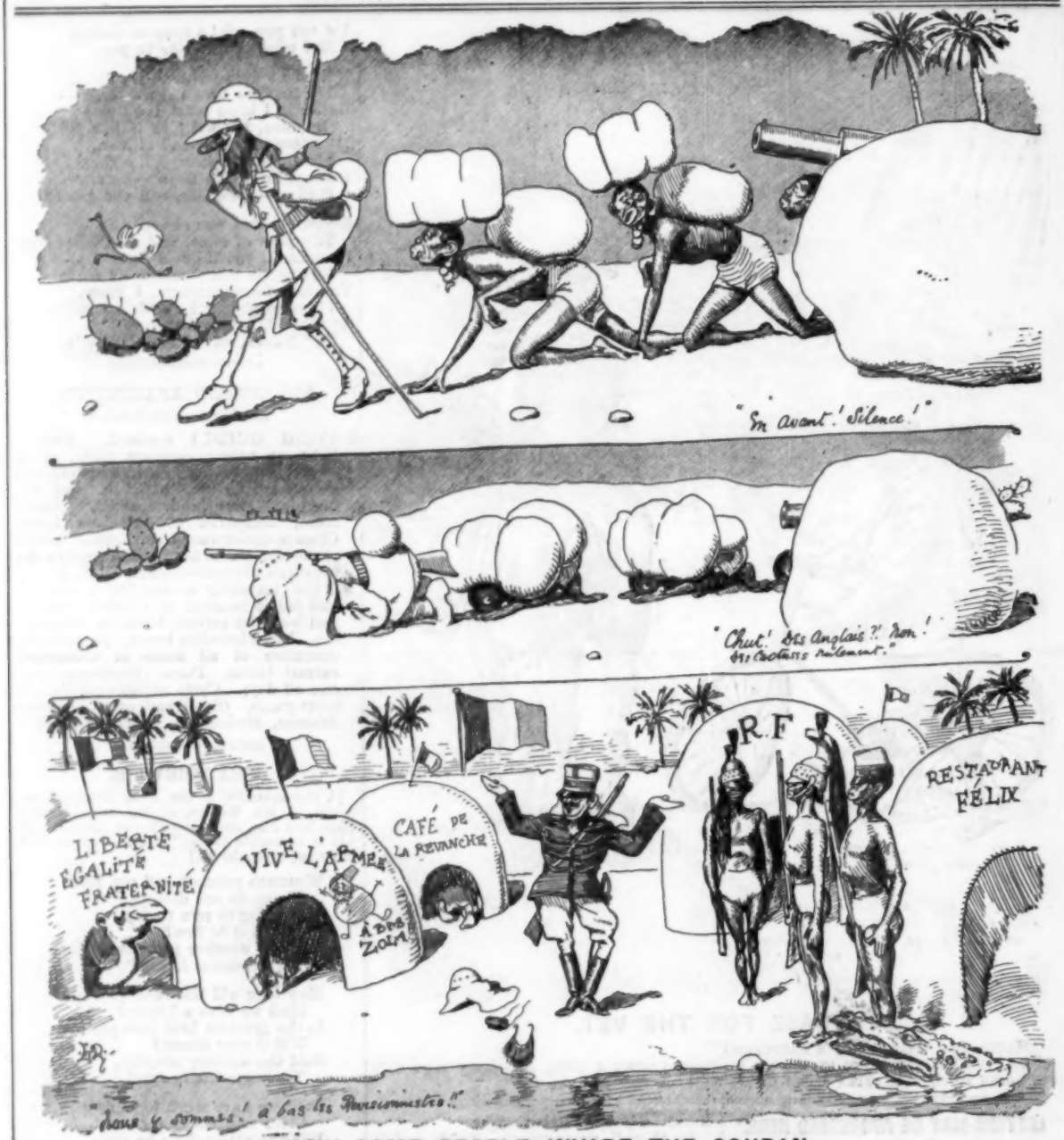
How long will this heat-spell last?
Shall we have a breeze?
Is the greatest heat now past?
Will it ever freeze?
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

Shall we have much fog this year,
River mist, or haze?
Will the atmosphere be clear
In these Autumn days?
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

Will the equinoxes blow
In the coming season?
Do you think we shall have snow?
If so, give your reason.
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

Overheard near the G. E. R.

He. Is that a dog that I hear?
She. No, dear, it's the train coming in.
He. Then it must be a Barking train.



HOW SOME PEOPLE INVADE THE SOUDAN.

ON THE WHOLE *MR. PUNCH* PREFERS THE LESS PERFIDIOUS METHODS OF GENERAL KITCHENER.

WITH MARGARET AT MARGATE.

"OH, she's a Daisy! a perfect Daisy!" exclaimed an enthusiastic passenger on returning from his third voyage on board the good ship *La Marguerite*, to Boulogne and back, having been favoured with exceptionally beautiful weather, calm sea, cloudless sky, and the gentlest of Æolian-harpish winds that not infrequently play sweetly in the Channel. "*Elle est une Marguerite! Une Marguerite parfaite!*" the accomplished linguist explained, buoyantly adding, so as to make his meaning perfectly clear to the meanest capacity, "As there is no night travelling on board, *La Marguerite*, she being 'built that way,' is intended only for a *Day-sea!*" Fortunately the courteous captain overheard this conversation, and politely, but firmly, bade the over-excited passenger farewell at Margate, the good ship forthwith proceeding to her moorings in the Thames. The best news has since been received of the health of this nautical *Faust*, whom it was not necessary to put under restraint, but whose end might have been tragic (seeing that *La Marguerite*, having finished her voyages, will not be heard of again for another year), but for the timely care and attention of Mr. J. L. TOOLE, who thoroughly understands the treatment of persons subject to fits of jocosity, and who, as every one will be delighted to learn, is enjoying the sea-breezes on the salubrious Kentish Koast. Up to now, *tout va bien.*—(*From our own Special Correspondent*, "*Mephisto Minor.*")

OUR CHILDREN. No. 3.

Grandpapa. "AND *WHY* DO YOU BELIEVE THAT LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER TOLD A STORY?"
Madge. "'COS I D BE SMACKED IF I DIDN'T."

THE HUMORIST AND THE HOHENZOLLERN.

["GUILLAUME II. recherche surtout comme convives des 'rieurs' .... comme il a coutume de dire."—MAURICE LEUDET.]

WILLIAM, though You would like to live unknown
In that peculiar sphere where fate has set You,
The Röntgen rays "which beat upon a throne"
Won't let You.

Shrink as You may from every sort of show,
The shameless scribe, well knowing how to push, 'll
Refuse to have You hide Your light below
A bushel.

And once a stalwart Teuton even braved
The risk of durance in a dungeon's dry vat,
And told us candidly how You behaved
In private!

How many miles of uniforms You kept,
How lark-like from Your bed You loved to sally,
With facts that no one ought to know except
Your valet.

Importunate! whom no rebuke could snub,
Yearning to fathom secrets yet unsounded,
Into the chamber where You take Your tub
He bounded!

And here 's another book about You now,
A Gaulish work—an enemy hath done it!
He paints Your regal kitchen, shows us how
You run it.

Plucking aside the kingly veil divine
Things sacred (or profane) the man exposes;
Your meals he numbers; yea, Your food and wine
He noses.

And what a picture here to haunt the brain!
Those little luncheon-parties at the palace;
The quips and *mots* that circle as You drain
The chalice.

It seems Your subtle senses revel in
Allusive language spiced with Attic flavour:
We never dreamed that humorists could win
Your favour!

Speaking as one apprenticed to the trade,
I own to feeling some respectful wonder;
We must, we other mountebanks, have made
A blunder!

We thought you did not care for funny men;
That special gaols were built to overawe them;
That jokes were not congenial even when
You saw them.

That was our fixed opinion ever since
We heard of You; but now we know our error;
You are the jester's Patron, not his Prince
Of Terror.

You stroke us royally upon the back;
"My good buffoons," You very kindly term us;
You are not after all so very pach-
-ydermous.

For me, who in some foolish doggrel fitte
On Your supposed opaqueness once reflected—
Hot coals of fire possess my head; I sit
Corrected!

Verbatim I recant my old offence,
Who wrongly wrote—"There never was a rumour
Of asking Hohenzollerns for a sense
Of humour."

So may all misconceptions melt away,
Till, like to lambs in jolly bleating weather,
German and Briton smile aloud and play
Together!

The Oldest and the Shortest Drama in the World.

He. Will you?
She. Oh! I do not know!
[*Which "know" meant that she said "yes."*

CONTRIBUTION BY OUR OWN SCHOLAR TO PROPOSED NEW FRENCH DICTIONARY.—"*Souligner*"—"to be a 'penny-a-liner.'" *Deriv.* "*Sou*"—a penny; "*ligne*"—a line.

EAST LONDON WATER SUPPLY, POPLAR.—Unpop'lar!

IN DISTRESS.

"MUMMY! MUMMY! COME BACK! I'M FRIGHTENED. HERE'S A HORRID DOG *STARING AT ME WITH HIS TEETH!*"

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

III.

WE may now proceed to instruct the young author in the art of composing another variety of magazine story, which can be turned out with even less trouble than the previous examples. It may be defined as the Vague and Impressionist Sketch, and it is much fancied by editors just now. The only rules which the young author must observe in making it are, to avoid any point in the title, to begin in the middle of the story, and to end at the beginning. Careful study of the example appended will make these instructions clear.

IDYLL.

She drew her chair a little closer to the table, and stretched out her hand towards the sugar-tongs.

"And that is your only reason, HENRY?" she asked.

He sighed deeply. "My only reason, MARGARET? No, I dare not say that. Supposing, for instance——"

He broke off abruptly, and there was a pause. Six lumps of sugar dropped into the cup with a sullen splash.

"But surely," she said, with infinite meaning in her voice, "if it happened otherwise, it would be different, HENRY? And then there are consolations. Yes," she repeated, dreamily, "there are always consolations. Will you have some cake?"

HENRY started to his feet, stung to the quick by her words. "Pah!" he cried, contemptuously, "what a vacuous soul is yours! Do you ever feel the stress of life, MARGARET? The keen bitter-sweet search after the nebulous ideal? The swift, grim ironic sense of struggle with an overpowering and unintelligible destiny, that tortures all humanity on one complex rack, and obliges me to talk like this for pages together?" And, seizing a large slice of cake in each hand, he devoured them greedily in alternate mouthfuls.

MARGARET rose, and moved to the window, gazing wearily at the watercart passing underneath.

"Misery is the only happiness," she murmured, "and only white things are black."

"Two epigrams," HENRY mumbled, his mouth full of cake. "Two brilliant epigrams, and I haven't made any yet. MARGARET, the habitual liar is the only truthful man!"

The girl nodded. "What insight!" she said. "What keen perception of the universal muddle! Yes, HENRY, it is even as you say. But if you knew the ardent glow of love that surges in my unquiet heart—but, ah! it must not be," and turning towards the fire-place, she lifted the poker and stroked it tenderly.

"Certainly not," cried HENRY. "If I proposed to you, you'd have to accept me or refuse me, and, in either case, something would happen. In our stories, MARGARET, nothing ever happens."

"You are right," said the other, simply. "You are quite right. Nothing ever happens—only sweet, soulful conversation like this. But what," she added, with a sudden sense of fear, "what will you do now, HENRY? Oh, the grey dreariness of life! What will you do now?"

HENRY pushed his cup towards her resolutely, almost defiantly. "I will drink," he said, "another cup of tea."

VIXI PUELLIS NUPER IDONEUS.

I have lived and I have loved,
As I live, I'll love no more.
With a fancy, that has roved,
And a heart but little moved,
Love's attractions have I proved
By the score.

I am sick of billets-doux,
Which have nothing new to say.
And of tender verses too;
Woman, if you want to woo,
To refresh a *blasé*, do
Find a way.

But I *am* embarrassed now,
And my brain in horror whirls.
There will surely be a row—
I have made the self-same vow
To I can't remember how
Many girls.

If the gods but save my pate,
Perilled in this awful mess,
Though the fair may lie in wait,
I will leave them to their fate,
Being sworn to celibate
Happiness.

A BOLD ADVENTURE.

A REPUTEDLY accurate weekly paper announces that a Band for the Benefit of Bachelors has just been started with the object of mending and darning the underclothes of unmarried men. Of course, it will be known as the Cuff and Collar Band. But "*Distinguons, mon ami, distinguons!*" as the Anglo-Indian magistrate says in *Round the World in Eighty Days*. There are bachelors and bachelors. There is the cut-and-dried celibate, who will look upon the readjustment of his linen or the filling in of the chasms in his socks in much the same light, as he would the soling of his boots or the renovation of his chimney-pot. But on the other hand, there are numerous unmated fledgelings, shy birds, and even hopeless Benedicts, who will regard the delicate adjustment of a button or the refined sewing of a tape as a service not to be recompensed by ordinary dross. The movement is so insidiously well planned, that it is only right and proper to exclaim—Bachelors, beware!

'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.'

—General Gordon.

DEPARTED ERRORS—'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'

—Lord Lytton.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'

—Bishop Hall.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'—an Imperative Hygienic Need. It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE by Natural Means.

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Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

The Secret of Success—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS imitation.

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REMOVES ALL BAD SMELLS

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All disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Bronchitis, Influenza, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous, Bilious, Pulmonary, Glandular, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, all Fevers, Spasms, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague; Rheumatism, Gout; Nausea and Vomiting; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. 50 years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases. 100,000 annual cures.

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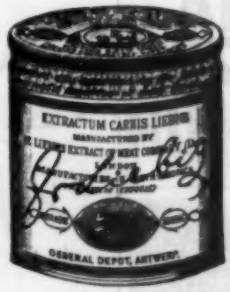

(Note Blue Signature, J. v. Liebig, across Label.)

MAKES COOKING EASY.

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